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MEMORIAL DAY PAGEANT

BY

CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

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MEMORIAL DAY PAGEANT

ARRANGED FOR

COMMUNITIES AND SCHOOLS

BY

CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

AUTHOR OF

"PLAYS OF THE PIONEERS" ETC.

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK & LONDON

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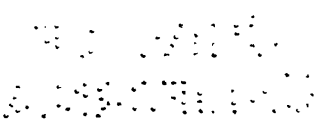

MEMORIAL DAY PAGEANT

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Published March, 1916

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NOTE ON PRODUCTION

This pageant may be given by communities and schools. It may be given indoors or outdoors, but the outdoor production described in the text is the one to be preferred. For an indoor production have a brown floor-cloth tacked tightly to the stage. This may be of denim. Failing this, use the bare floor. Have pine-trees stuck in boxes of moist sand to suggest a forest, and cover the boxes with dark green or dark brown denim—not straightly and tightly, but in bulky lines, as if the pine-trees grew out of green banks. If pine-trees thus placed cannot be had, have simple hangings of forest green, which are an excellent substitute, and a good background for costumes.

All the costumes may be made of cheese-cloth, cambric, khaki, and woolen cloth. There are full directions for them under "Costumes."

The pageant may be given as it is written here, with the community and the schools taking part, which is the ideal way for a pageant to be produced. Or it may be given by a community. It may be given in the form in which it is printed here, or it

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may be cut, and given with no special groups of men of the G. A. R. in the audience, and with a smaller chorus than here suggested, and still preserve its integrity as a whole. It may be given by several schools together, or by one school, but in either case be sure that leading figures are adults or very tall young people. Such figures as AMERICA, THE STATE, NORTH, SOUTH, etc., etc., cannot be played by small-sized children. It will ruin the effect of the pageant.

Be sure to have as much space as possible for the production of the pageant, for too cramped a space will ruin the effect of it.

The music should be a band, if possible, if the pageant is given out of doors. Next to the band, an orchestra is best. But a piano, a flute, and a few strings can also be used. For indoors use orchestra, or piano and strings, or just piano, if the others cannot be had.

If the pageant is given by a community on Decoration Day, divide the parts among the different schools and societies in the town, and let these community-societies be responsible for the costumes. This will divide expense and labor so that no one will have too much to do.

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Note on Production

The pageant should be rehearsed for two weeks.

No additions can be made to it without destroying the effect that it is meant to produce. Do not lengthen the songs or introduce other excerpts from the poets. *Above all, do not introduce dances, for this pageant is a memorial one, and everything depends on its being given with true patriotic fervor, and solemnity.*

The entire pageant will play an hour and a quarter. It has already been acted, and its first production as a civic celebration took place in North Chillicothe, Illinois, July 4th, 1915.

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MUSIC

The patriotic songs of the pageant, "Firmly Stand, O Native Land," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," "We Are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More," can be had, both words and music, from a book called *War Songs*, published by the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass. Price, fifty cents.

America the Beautiful can be had from Cressy & Allen, 534 Congress St., Portland, Me., for five cents a copy, or $3.00 a hundred.

The Pilgrim hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," can be had in some hymn-books, or can be obtained from a volume called *Home Songs*, published by the Oliver H. Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.

The incidental instrumental music, Dvorak's "Largo" from the "New World Symphony," Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," Grieg's "Death of Ase," from the "Peer Gynt" suite, and John Phillip Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever" can be had at any music-store, or can be obtained from the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., as can also Edward MacDowell's "From an Indian Lodge."

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COSTUMES

Since a pageant is largely pictorial, great care should be taken with the costumes. While the costumes are indicated in the text, fuller notes are given here, so that those producing it will know how to costume it in detail.

THE STATE.—For this costume see the illustrations in *A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, illustrated by Walter Crane. The Greek costumes contained in this will also be excellent for AMERICA, TWO OF THE INDUSTRIES, PEACE, HONOR, NORTH, SOUTH. Do not have these costumes "bunchy," and be sure that the hair is worn flowing as it is in Walter Crane's pictures.

THE LITTLE GIRL.—She should be as sweet as possible, and should be like Tenniel's illustrations for *Alice in Wonderland*. She should have a white dress, white shoes and stockings, and a pale blue sash and hair ribbons. She should wear simple clothes, not fussy ones. ***She must on no condition wear a hat.***

INDIAN CHIEF.—Excellent ideas for his dress can

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be found in illustrated editions of "Hiawatha," and the pictures by Frederic Remington. He must not be a "tame" Indian, but a wild, bronzed figure, lithe and graceful.

PILGRIMS.—Cambric, with the unglazed side worn outward, is excellent for Pilgrim costumes. From this can be made dresses and cloaks, also the tall steeple hats that the men wore. They can be made of cardboard and then covered with the cambric. The well-known picture of "Pilgrims Going to Church" is an excellent one to copy. There seems to be an idea abroad that Pilgrims wore only *black*. but the fact is they wore colors, though these were always subdued in tone. Carry out the color scheme given in the pageant. Have some small, quaint children in the group, and costume them like their elders. Illustrated editions of Longfellow's "Myles Standish" will be a great help, and there are also the books of Alice Morse Earle, with pictures of the period, that can be had at most libraries. These give pictures of Pilgrim costumes.

THE EXPLORERS. — The explorers' costumes, in faded browns and purples, should, if possible, be hired from a costumer's, as they will have better lines than any that can be made. See to it that

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they are not all the same color, as if they were in a chorus, a mistake that costumers often make when sending costumes at long range. Pictures in Eggleston's *Illustrated History of the United States* will be found valuable for this.

THE COLONIALS.—These costumes should be hired, if possible. A life of George Washington, illustrated, will give an idea of them as well as the painting "The Spirit of Seventy-Six."

Boy Scout costumes can be made to do for the Veterans of the Spanish War. The rest of the costumes have been so fully described that there is no need of going into further detail here. For costumes of War of 1812 see *The American Soldier*, by Elbridge S. Brooks.

Photographs of pageant costumes and pageant groups, with the arrangement of pageant stages, can be found in *Plays of the Pioneers*, published by Messrs. Harper & Bros. All the pictures in this book are applicable to this pageant.

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MEMORIAL DAY PAGEANT

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MEMORIAL DAY PAGEANT

PEOPLE IN THE PAGEANT:

THE STATE.
THE LITTLE GIRL.
AN INDIAN.
FIVE EXPLORERS (*Cavalier Adventurers*).
TEN PILGRIMS.
THREE MINUTE MEN.
SIX LADS OF 1812.
SIX BOYS IN BLUE.
THE NORTH.
THE SOUTH.
AMERICA.
A CHORUS OF SCHOOL-CHILDREN.
PEACE.
HONOR.
VETERANS OF THE SPANISH WAR.
AGRICULTURE
MANUFACTURING
MINING
SHIPPING
} *America's Industries.*
LEADER OF THE FOLK GROUP.
FOLK GROUP (*a boy and a girl from each country that is represented in the community in which the pageant is produced*).

STAGE SETTING: If possible the pageant stage should be at least fifty feet long and thirty feet deep. If possible it should be a level sward, and should have trees right, left, and background, so that the pageant actors cannot be seen until they are actually

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on the stage. In front of this stage the ground should slope, forming a hill, on which the audience may be seated. If such a spot is not available try for a grand stand, so that all can see.

In the front rows of the audience, led there by ushers who wear bands of red, white, and blue, should be the seats for the chorus of school-children. The boys, if possible, should wear sailor suits, even the big boys, for these suits can be hired. Or if these are not obtainable, all the boys should be in khaki Boy Scout suits. The chorus should be dressed as much alike as possible, so they can appear definitely as a chorus specially costumed for the day. The girls in the chorus should wear white middy blouses and white duck skirts, if the boys in the chorus are dressed as sailors. If, on the other hand, the boys wear Scout suits, then the girls should wear the costumes adopted by the Camp-Fire Girls or the Girl Scouts. Directly back of the chorus should sit the Civil War Veterans, and their seats should be decorated with red, white, and blue. In the next rows should sit the Women's Relief Corps, and it would enhance the pageant if they would wear the quaint full dresses and poke bonnets of Civil War times. This will have the effect of flanking

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the stage with youthful American patriots, sailor lads and lassies, Boy Scouts, and Girl Scouts. If this plan is impossible, then have all the girls of the chorus wear white, and all the boys dark suits.

The chorus first assembles. Then the men of the G. A. R. march in and take their places in the front rows. It would lend color and interest to the pageant if the rows just behind the G. A. R. were occupied by the Women's Relief Corps, dressed in the quaint hoopskirts and poke bonnets of Civil War days. If it is not possible to have either the G. A. R. or the Women's Relief Corps, the front rows may be occupied by the usual audience.

As soon as audience and chorus are seated the opening song[1] *is sung by the chorus.*

FIRMLY STAND, O NATIVE LAND!

I

Firmly stand, O native land!
True in heart, and strong of hand,
Hold the right, unbending.

[1] "Firmly Stand, O Native Land!" arranged by Clifford N. Page, to be found in a book called *War Songs*, published by the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass. Price 50 cents.

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Sword of justice thou shalt wield,
Truth and honor as thy shield,
Freedom's cause defending!

Firmly stand, O native land!
My own dear native land!

2

True remain, O native land,
Never weak in freedom's band,
True to duty ever.
Mindful of the fathers brave,
Who their lives for country gave,
Dying that it ne'er may sever.

True remain, O native land!
My own dear native land!

3

Be awake, O native land!
Soul to soul we take our stand,
Later triumph bringing.
May the throb of every heart
Wisdom to our song impart,
Still for freedom ringing.

Be awake, O native land!
My own dear native land.

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The pageant has now begun, and from the center background comes The State, a tall, feminine figure wearing a Greek dress of white cheese-cloth. She wears a mantle of the State color caught at her shoulders with golden clasps. (By State color is meant the official color of any State in which the pageant is given.) A wreath of the State flowers rests lightly on her flowing hair. A small shield of silver, on which the State seal appears in replica, is fastened to her breast. She carries a staff from which floats the Stars and Stripes. As she appears in the background, she lifts high the flag, as if in salute, and the Chorus bursts into "The Star-Spangled Banner." The State lowers the flag, letting the standard rest on the ground, and stands motionless to the end of the anthem.

When the anthem ceases she walks forward, and when she has reached the center of the stage, well to the front, she looks directly at the audience and speaks the Prologue in a clear, resonant, far-reaching voice.

PROLOGUE

Friends, as we meet on this great day
Let not the times so far away

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Grow dim. Forget not what they sought,
Those patriots, nor what they wrought
Who gave this day to us to be
Freedom's great anniversary.
And further yet, those valiant folk
Who, throwing off oppression's yoke,
Sought freedom. Yea, the builders, these,
Who fared across mysterious seas
With freedom ever for their quest.
Northward and Southward, East and West,
They sought for her, unceasing.

(*The State pauses. Her voice takes on a solemn note.*)

Then
There came the boys in blue—the men
Who died for her that she might be
Within our midst, perpetually.
(*Pause: then—*)
The torch they lit was handed on
Up the steep hillsides of San Juan!
And the oppressed beyond our land
Were aided in their valiant stand.
(*Again The State pauses a moment. Then she raises the flag.*)

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Not only colony and State
Shine here. It shows our just and great.
This flag, as on the air it flies,
Holds their brave deed before our eyes.
Watch as I touch each symbol bright.
(*She touches the white stripes.*)
This was the honor they kept white.
(*Touches the red stripes.*)
And here forever marked in red
The blood that for their land they shed.
(*Touches square with stars.*)
This cobalt square which bright stars strew—
This was the soul of them, "true blue!"
(*With finger on stars.*)
Their aims were high as were the stars!
(*Again she pauses an instant. Then continues, quietly*)
Now, ere the music's opening bars
Announce our pageant, friends, I pray
You hold their memory on this day.

THE LITTLE GIRL

(*Stepping out from the front row of the audience where she has been sitting, and speaking with childlike earnestness.*)

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I should like to honor their memory on this day.

THE STATE

I am glad of that.

THE LITTLE GIRL

Who are you?

THE STATE

Don't you know me? I am wearing the State flower and the State color, and here is the State seal.

THE LITTLE GIRL

Why, you are my State!

THE STATE

Yes, dear child, I am ~~your State~~.

THE LITTLE GIRL

And why are you here?

THE STATE

I have come to help you keep this great anniversary. I am going to summon the Past for you, and let you see, first the folk who built our nation,

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striving for freedom as they did so, and then the men through whom the gift of freedom was given.

(*Long-drawn, single bugle-note is blown, off stage.*)

THE LITTLE GIRL

What is that?

THE STATE

The bugle-call of the Present to the people of the Past. Look! Here comes ~~an Indian brave, one of~~ the race who roamed this land before the pale face came here. He loved the freedom of Nature. To-day we understand the red man better. We, too, want Nature's freedom. We seek in the still places of the woods, in the dreamy quiet of the fields.

(*An Indian brave, magnificent in feathers and wampum, strides from left toward background. He enters to the opening bars of Edward MacDowell's "From an Indian Lodge." Halfway across the stage he pauses, splendidly erect, and, looking upward and letting fall his bow and arrows, appears to pray to the Great Spirit. Then he picks up his bow and arrows. Toward background he pauses again, takes*

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aim, and lets fly an arrow, swiftly following it, as if to pick up his game.

The State and the Little Girl stand at left foreground.)

THE LITTLE GIRL

(*Looking off toward right.*)
And who are these?

THE STATE

The Explorers—men who wanted freedom to explore, to discover new continents, new ways across the trackless ocean. They were the adventurers, men who dared sickness and peril on unknown seas until they found the goal they sought.

(*The Explorers enter from right to the strains of the "Largo" from Dvorak's "New World Symphony." They wear stained leather and rusty armor, the kind of costume suitable for a Captain John Smith. Two march bravely, two others follow, supporting a comrade who is pale and has a bandaged foot. Near the center of the stage they halt. The sick man leans against a comrade as the others take out a compass and decide which way to go. Then, the sick man*

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being assisted as before, they exeunt right background.)

THE LITTLE GIRL

Who shall I see next?

THE STATE

The Pilgrims. They wanted religious freedom, and found it on these shores.

(*The Pilgrims appear at left, men, women, and children, dressed in soft browns, dark blues, and gray, with here and there a black suit and cloak. The men walk on the outside and carry muskets. The women carry prayer-books. It would appear that they are on their way to church. They enter to the strains of Martin Luther's "A Mighty Fortress is Our God."* [1])

PILGRIMS

(*Singing.*)

That we may worship as we will
We've braved this new land's rigor,
And every wind that blows us ill
We'll meet with dauntless vigor.

[1] *Home Songs*, published by the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.

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Nor drought nor wind nor wave
Can e'er deter the brave.
If through bitter stress,
Still forward they press.
And let no fear draw near.

(*The Pilgrims continue slowly to the center of stage, where they pause for an out-of-door meeting. The men draw to one side of the stage, the women to the other. The minister says:* "Let us offer a moment of silent prayer." *They fall on their knees, making a beautiful picture. The minister raises his hand in solemn benediction, and they are raising their heads, when an arrow flies out of the woods background, then another and another. The Pilgrims draw together, frightened, the men on the outside with their muskets. Then, as there seems to be no further menace, they go on toward left, and disappear through the trees at left. Very faintly from the distance comes the hymn, repeated.*)

THE LITTLE GIRL

I am glad we need not feel such terror now.

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THE STATE

Those were perilous days. But the Pilgrims conquered.

THE LITTLE GIRL

And now—

THE STATE

Now you will see those who fought for political freedom, who demanded liberty and equality, and who fought to obtain them. Our brave Yankee Minute Men! And after them the lads of 1812. Both fought for the same ideal.

(The Little Girl looks expectantly toward right, where figures in Colonial dress are seen.

To the notes of "Yankee Doodle" two men and a boy pass from right to background, wearing costumes in exact replica of the famous painting, "The Spirit of Seventy-Six." They exeunt. Pause. Then the music strikes up "Hail, Columbia," and five lads of 1812, led by a sixth, who carries the Stars and Stripes, march to background, and disappear from view.)

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THE LITTLE GIRL

That was a wonderful, thrilling picture!
(*Sees others approaching.*)
And who are these?

THE STATE

The Pioneers who opened the land of the West, who wanted the freedom of wide, untrammeled spaces, freedom to grow, to enlarge their vision.

(*At this point there comes into the scene either a prairie-schooner drawn by oxen or horses, or a group of frontiersmen in costumes suggestive of Daniel Boone come riding in on horseback. Whichever way it is, the pioneers have a parley in dumb show as to which way they shall go, and pause a moment, a picturesque group, until the way, with decisive pointing gestures, has been decided upon. (The choice of whether it shall be prairie-wagon or men on horseback will be determined by what the school or community can procure.) The pioneers should come from whatever direction is East on the pageant stage, and should depart in whatever direction is West.*)

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THE LITTLE GIRL

That, too, was interesting to watch. What will you show me next?

THE STATE

Can you not guess? All the folk whom you have seen wanted *freedom.* The Indian wanted Nature's freedom, the Explorers, freedom to discover, to dare. The Pilgrims and Puritans wanted *religious* freedom. The Minute Men fought for *political* freedom, and so did their brothers of 1812. Then came the Pioneers, the men who rejoiced in *personal* freedom. But there were other men, great and noble souls, who wanted *freedom for others*, freedom for the oppressed, and that is the true freedom. Can you not guess whom you are to see now?

THE LITTLE GIRL

(*Shyly, yet half expectantly*)—

I'm not *sure.*

(*Looks eagerly at the glowing face of the State.*)

THE STATE

(*Exaltedly*)—

Have you forgotten the men who marched and fought under Grant and Sheridan and Sherman, the

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men who followed Rosecrans and Thomas, the lads who suffered hunger and thirst and fever, who were wasted with sickness, shaken with ague, *yet still kept on?* I mean the men who suffered and died for freedom at Gettysburg, at Vicksburg, at Murfreesboro, who fought for her for sixteen days at the Battle of the Wilderness, who stormed Fort Henry, who poured out their blood like water at Winchester, at Fisher's Hill, at Cedar Creek. These were the men who gave us our heritage. Can you not hear their marching tread?

THE LITTLE GIRL

(*Awed*)—
I think I—

THE STATE

Hush! Listen!

(*The Chorus begin to sing very softly, "We Are Coming, Father Abraham," by James Sloane Gibbons. This song, in order to have its full thrilling effect, should give a semblance of coming from a distance. This can be done by having the first four lines a murmur, then the next pianissimo, the next a little louder, and so on, bursting into full vigor only toward the end. This singing must be as impressive as possible.*

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The first three verses should be sung, not the last verse.)

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM[1]

By James Sloane Gibbons

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, but with a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before.
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

If you look across the hilltops that meet the Northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision will descry;

[1] Published by the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., in a book called *War Songs*.

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And now the wind an instant tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride,
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

If you look all up our valleys where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;
And children at their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

(*At the words*, "If you look across the hilltops that meet the Northern sky," *a group of six boys in blue should appear in silhouette in*

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background, with a wounded comrade on a stretcher. A bloody bandage is bound about his head. They carry him toward center and put him down with the effect of making him comfortable, till in pantomime they point to where their duty waits them, and assure him that they will return to him, though they must for the present leave him there. As they go toward background, one of the boys runs back and leaves his canteen with his comrade.)

THE LITTLE GIRL

(*Drawing close to the State, as if frightened*)—
Oh, is he going to die?

THE STATE

He is wounded, but his comrades have to leave him for a little. He suffers that others may be free. And do you know what will lift him out of his suffering? A vision of what is to be. He thinks it is only a vision wrought by fever, but as he sees clearer he knows it is a great promise of what will come true. Watch and you will see it also. The ideal that he is willing to die for will appear to him. Freedom. . . .

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THE LITTLE GIRL

(*Awed*)—
Freedom—

THE STATE

(*Solemnly, but with exaltation*)—
"They love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of dare to do.
They followed her and found her
With danger's sweetness round her.
They saw her, plumed and mailed,
With stern sweet face unveiled."
(*With passion*)—
"Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many, with crossed hands, sighed for her,
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At Life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her."

(*There is a moment's hush, and then from right comes the figure of the North, clad in flowing Grecian robes of the blue of cold lakes, and from the left a feminine figure clad similarly in gray. Both are pale, exalted, august. They move forward, across background, vision-like, and the sick lad, leaning on his elbow, keeps his*

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eyes fixed on them. They move to the solemn strains of "The Death of Ase," from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite. Each carries a flag, but not triumphantly. At the center of the stage, when they are about eight feet apart, from background America appears, wearing a crown of stars, a white robe, with a red, white, and blue mantle. Slowly she holds out her arms. The North gives up her flag, which America takes. Then slowly, as with reluctance, the South gives up her flag, and stands, with head bowed. The drum plays taps like a dirge, the North sorrowfully watching the South. The drum-beats cease. Then very softly and delicately, like a whisper of hope, the first notes of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" [1] *steal on the air. The South lifts her head slowly, and looks into America's eyes. For a moment they gaze at each other, and then the South looks, turning slowly, at the North, who with quick, warm, impulsive gesture, holds out her hands to her. Slowly the South accepts this offered greeting. As they take hands the "Spring Song" swells a little louder, as with lifting hope, but at no time must it be*

[1] Or Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette."

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played forte. Then it fades to pianissimo as The State speaks, her eyes on America.)

THE STATE

"Oh, beautiful! my Country! Ours once more,
Smoothing thy gold of war-disheveled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore.
Among the Nations bright beyond compare!"
(*With power*)—
"What are our lives without thee?
What are our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee,
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else and we will dare!"

(*A moment's pause. America draws the South toward her, and turns and draws the North with her other hand, and the three, like a family reunited after the terrors of war, move to the background and are lost to view. The wounded lad passes a hand across his eyes, and lies down again. His comrades enter from right background and come for him, lifting his stretcher carefully. As they go The State speaks.*)

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THE STATE

(*Facing audience*)—

"We sit here in the promised land
That flows with freedom's honey and milk.
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger for us soft as silk."

(*She takes off her crown, and lifts herself superbly*)—

"I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead!"[1]

THE CHORUS

(*Sings very softly the last verse of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," by Julia Ward Howe.*)

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me.
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

(*The chorus is not sung, just this verse.*)

[1] From the "Memorial Ode" by James Russell Lowell.

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THE LITTLE GIRL

What came when North and South were united?

THE STATE

Peace, the bringer of happiness to nations; the being without whom no nation can be at rest. The nation that has peace with honor is a happy nation.

THE LITTLE GIRL

Were there no more wars?

THE STATE

Only one. The boys in blue handed on the torch of their ideal to the boys in khaki. The boys in blue fought for the oppressed in *our* own land, the boys in khaki fought for the oppressed of another land, and that land was Cuba. The Veterans of the Spanish War salute you!

(*To a few bars of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," Veterans of the Spanish War in khaki, or tall boys uniformed to look like them, or members of the State militia so uniformed, march in from left, and stand in line, saluting the State and the Little Girl.*)

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THE LITTLE GIRL

Our dear America and her attendants are coming back!

(*America walks from background to center, the North and South walking just behind her.*)

THE LITTLE GIRL

(*Gazing eagerly*)—

She has two new attendants! They are walking side by side!

(*The two new attendants appear. They are feminine figures wearing costumes of the same type as America's. One wears a white robe, has a crown of lilies, and carries a dove. The other wears a white robe and royal purple mantle. Carries a gold staff wound with laurel.*)

THE STATE

It is Peace, *with Honor.*

(*America stands in the center of the stage, and North and South, and Peace and Honor range themselves about her, white-robed Peace and purple-robed Honor standing where all can see them. Four other attendants enter from background.*)

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THE LITTLE GIRL

And here are other attendants.

THE STATE

Where Peace is, Industries thrive, and these are America's Industries come to join the Pageant, and do America honor. These flourish when Peace stays with a Nation. This is Agriculture.

(*Agriculture in corn-yellow, carrying sheaves of wheat and corn, bows before America and then joins the group standing about her.*)

Manufacturing.

(*Manufacturing bows and salutes America. He is a youth dressed in steel gray, with a helmet and shield. The shield is made in the shape of an iron wheel with spokes*).

Mining—

(*Mining bows and salutes America. He is a tall youth dressed in shiny black, like the luster of coal. He has a silver girdle and a gold crown. He carries a silver pick-ax. After bowing, he joins Manufacture in the group about America.*)

Shipping!

(*Shipping steps forward clad in pale sea-green,*

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like the waves of the sea. Her unbound hair is bound with pearls and corals. There are pearl and coral chains about her neck. She carries a ship in her hand. She approaches America, makes a low obeisance, and says:)

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great.
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!" [1]

(*As Shipping takes her place in the group about America, the Chorus and America's attendants sing the chorus of "America the Beautiful," by Katherine Lee Bates and Will C. MacFarland.*)

"America, America,
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From shining sea to sea!"

(*A pause, during which no music is played, and the Veterans of the Spanish War* [2] *cross and take up their positions as a guard of honor about America and her attendants. A short pause. Then the music strikes up Sousa's*

[1] From Longfellow's "The Building of the Ship."
[2] Can be played by Boy Scouts.

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"Stars and Stripes Forever," and from background comes a group of children dressed in bright folk-costume; the national dress of the older countries, Russia, Italy, Germany, France, Norway, Sweden, Servia, Greece, Scotland, etc., etc., etc. They pause in front of America, at the side, so as not to obscure America from the audience, and the leader speaks.)

LEADER OF FOLK GROUP

We, the children come from oversea, salute you. We thank you, and the brave men who have died for you, for the gift of freedom you have passed on to us. You have given us *freedom for opportunity.* For this, with reverence and gratitude, we thank you.

(America raises the Stars and Stripes, holding it aloft as a symbol. At this sign the children of the folk group speak, saluting.)

ALL THE CHILDREN OF THE FOLK GROUP

"Flag of our great Republic, guardian of our homes, whose stars and stripes stand for Bravery, Purity, Truth, and Union, we salute thee. We, the natives

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of distant lands, who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our hearts, our lives, our sacred honor, to love and protect thee, our Country, and the liberty of the American people forever."

AMERICA

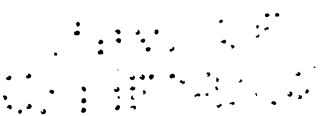
(*As in benediction*)—

Memories of this day stay with you!

(*Lowers flag, and makes a gesture toward the Veterans of the Civil War.*)

Memories of what these men strove for remain with you forever.

(*A moment's pause. The music once more takes up "The Stars and Striped Forever," and all the pageant players, re-entering from background, make a wide sweep toward the left, turn, and cross in review before America and her attendants, passing out at right. They should come in order of their centuries, the Indian Brave leading them. America waits till the last, and then the pageant procession passes from the stage.*)



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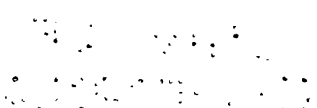

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